

AMERICA'S
NATIONAL
HERO!

The

No. 1

SKYMAN

10c





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VINCENT SULLIVAN

Editor

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INTRODUCING, AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

The SKYMAN



FROM THE LABORATORIES OF RESEARCH SCIENCE, FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL, FROM THE SCENES OF SOCIAL WEALTH AND MAGNIFICENCE AND FROM THE AIRPORTS OF AMERICA, RISES A FIGURE BLENDED WITH ALL OF THESE: **THE SKYMAN**, TYPICAL AMERICAN, HARD-FISTED, ADVENTUROUS, BRAVE! IN HIS WING HE ROAMS THE SKIES WITH AN EVER-ALERT EYE TO WITNESS AND PREVENT THE DEPREDATIONS OF CRIMINALS!

BUT—HOW DID THE SKYMAN COME TO BE ?

YEARS
AGO IN
A
MANSION
IN
UPPER
NEW YORK
STATE

ALLAN TURNER, YOU ARE AN ORPHAN BECAUSE OF AN ACCIDENT DUE TO FAULTY MATERIAL IN YOUR FATHER'S AIRPLANE! I THINK YOU WOULD LIKE TO PREVENT SUCH ACCIDENTS?

YE-YES UNCLE PETER, I WOULD!



HERE AT HARNELL UNIVERSITY YOU WILL LIVE WITH ME. YOU ARE VERY WEALTHY, ALLAN - BUT FORGET THAT. LIVE SIMPLY. GO TO PREP SCHOOL NEAR HERE AND LATER TO HARNELL.

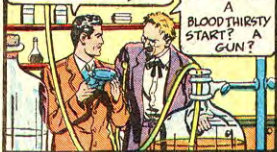
ANYTHING YOU SAY, UNCLE! ANYTHING!



AND SO THE LITTLE ORPHANED ALLAN TURNER BECAME THE LABORATORY ASSISTANT OF THE MIGHTY GENIUS, PETER TURNER. YEAR AFTER YEAR HE WORKED WITH THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF AMERICA UNTIL HE, TOO, BECAME GREAT!

MY FIRST INVENTION - A STASIMATIC GUN TO HALT THE BLOOD PROCESSES OF THE BODY - OR STOP THEM ALTOGETHER!

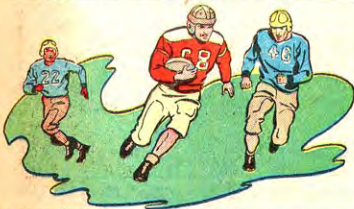
SPLENDID, SPLENDID! A GOOD BEGINNING. BUT--ISN'T IT RATHER A BLOODTHIRSTY START? A GUN?



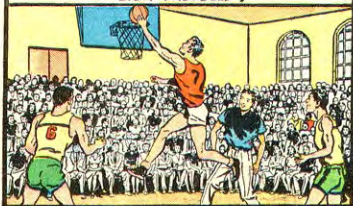
UNCLE PETER, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE GREAT SCIENTISTS. I HAVE DECIDED TO BECOME BETTER THAN THAT. I SHALL BE A SCIENTIST-POLICEMAN, WHO WILL USE HIS POWERS TO PREVENT AND OVERCOME CRIME!



TWO YEARS ALL-AMERICAN FULLBACK FOR HARNELL!



THE GREATEST BASKETBALL FORWARD HARNELL EVER PRODUCED!



AN ALL-AROUND ATHLETE



AT GRADUATION, ALLAN IS PRONOUNCED - ALLAN TURNER, GREATEST ATHLETE, MOST BRILLIANT SCHOLAR, FINEST CHARACTER, HARNELL IS PROUD OF YOU!



GRADUATION NIGHT—

DON'T LET ALL THIS GO TO YOUR HEAD, ALLAN! I--

UNCLE, I'M FITTED NOW FOR MY TASK! I'VE STUDIED AND WORKED TO DEVELOP MY BODY. I'M AN AVIATION EXPERT AFTER MAJORING IN THE AIR SCHOOL HERE. FROM NOW ON--I'M OUTWARDLY A LOAFER--- THE WEALTHY---

THIS IS HOW HE MET FAWN CARROLL THE NIGHT OF HIS GRADUATION!

-- GOOD-FOR-NOTHING ALLAN TUR--ER--OH, HELLO!

HELLO!

YOUTH CALLS TO YOUTH. OH, WELL, ALLAN IS YOUNG-- BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING HE'D BE AN EVEN GREATER SCIENTIST THAN I AM!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FAWN CARROLL, MR TURNER! YOU SEE I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! HOW MARVELOUS YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE--PRESIDENT?

AWARE THAT HE MUST FACE THE WORLD AS A LOAFER ALLAN "PUTS ON AN ACT!"

OH, DEAR, NO! I'M GOING TO ENJOY MY MONEY! YOU DO KNOW I'M WEALTHY, DON'T YOU? HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HELP ME SPEND IT? NIGHT CLUBS AND SUCH, YOU KNOW!

WELL! SO IT WAS ALL A POSE!

AND I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH A SWELL GUY! NO THANKS, I DON'T CARE TO ASSOCIATE WITH YOU! I'M A WORKING GIRL!

GOOD!

I LIKE WORKING GIRLS. THEY'RE SO--SO DEMOCRATIC, YOU KNOW!

IN SPITE OF YOURSELF, I CAN'T HELP LIKING YOU! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THAT ATTITUDE!

THAT NIGHT, MUCH LATER, FAWN CARROLL, GIRL DETECTIVE HAS A LITTLE "HEART" TROUBLE!

I DO THINK I'VE FALLEN FOR THE LUG-- THE LOAFER! BUT I--I'LL REFORM HIM! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO REFORM HIM!

A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE SKYMAN BURSTS INTO PROMINENCE AND POOR FAWN-- WHO LOVES ALLAN-- ALSO FALLS FOR THE SKYMAN-- WHO IS ONE AND THE SAME PERSON!

AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

The

SKYMAN

PAUL DEAN



RISING ABOVE THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS, THE SKYMAN, WHOSE GIANT STRENGTH AND INTELLECT ARE EVER ALERT IN PURSUIT OF JUSTICE, SEES A WOULD-BE SUICIDE, FAR BELOW—QUICKLY HE LEAPS FROM THE WING — — — — —



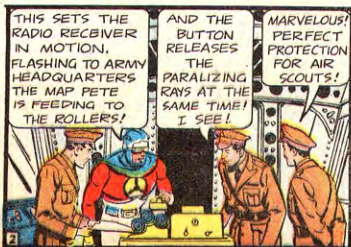
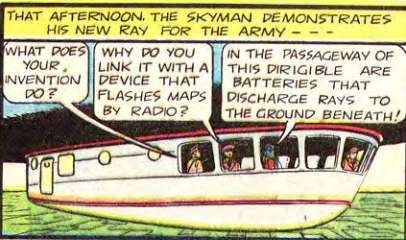
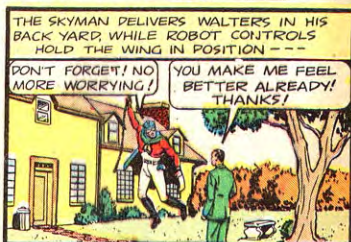
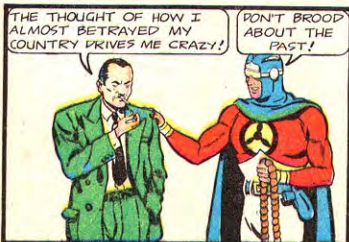
NO YOU DON'T! LIFE IS TOO PRECIOUS TO WASTE!

LET ME GO! I'M BETTER OFF DEAD!



I'M HENRY WALTERS, FORMERLY IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS!

OH, YES! THE GOVERNMENT SENT YOU TO XANDIA, LAST YEAR!



THE SUCCESS OF THE SKYMAN'S RAY
RADIOED TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS

TELL THE SKYMAN, THE BLUEPRINTS
OF HIS INVENTION, SHALL BE
LOCKED IN THE SAFE, HERE!

YES,
SIR!

HE'S GOT
YOUR
MESSAGE.
SIR!

WARN HIM THIS MUST
BE KEPT SECRET!
THE RAY IN ENEMY
HANDS WOULD
WREAK HAVOC!

AH, THE AGENTS
OF XANDIA
WOULD LIKE
THIS!

HELLO, S-4? THIS IS GABBY! I HAVE NEWS—
AT A PRICE! IT'S A RAY, BY THE SKYMAN—



S-4 AND S-5, SPIES OF XANDIA, CALL ON
HENRY WALTERS — — —

WE'RE GOING TO GET
SOME PLANS THAT
WE WANT YOU TO
CARRY TO XANDIA!

I'LL NOT
DO IT!
LET ME
ALONE!

HOW'D YOU
LIKE TO
SEE YOUR
DAUGHTER
— DEAD?

YOU WOULDN'T
DARE KILL
RUTH!

WE WILL,
UNLESS
YOU DO
AS WE
SAY!

YOU WOULDN'T BE
SUSPECTED OF
CARRYING SUCH
PAPERS, AND WE
MUST GET THEM
TO XANDIA!

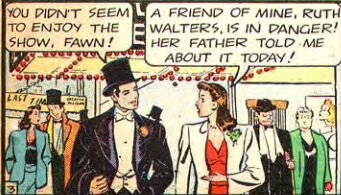
I'LL ASK FAWN CARROLL, RUTH'S
DETECTIVE FRIEND — — — FOR HELP!



THAT NIGHT, THE SKYMAN BECOMES ALLAN
TURNER FOR A DATE WITH FAWN CARROLL—

YOU DIDN'T SEEM
TO ENJOY THE
SHOW, FAWN!

A FRIEND OF MINE, RUTH
WALTERS, IS IN DANGER!
HER FATHER TOLD ME
ABOUT IT TODAY!

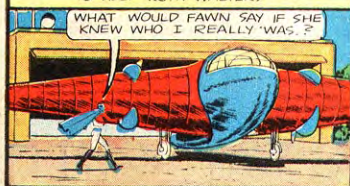


WALTERS? HM— SOUNDS
FAMILIAR! BUT IF IT'S
DANGEROUS —

OH, ALLAN, IF YOU
WERE ONLY LIKE
THE SKYMAN!



HAVING ESCORTED FAWN HOME, ALLAN RUSHES TO THE SKYDROME, DETERMINED TO HELP RUTH WALTERS ---



HE DECIDES TO REASSURE FAWN ABOUT HER FRIEND, FIRST ---

A GIRL NAMED WALTERS, NEEDS HELP! I UNDERSTAND YOU KNOW HER?

OH, YES, SKYMAN, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU DID!



DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL BE ALL--HEY!

RUTH'S MY FRIEND! I'M GOING TO HELP HER TOO!



OOOH-- I CAN'T CATCH IT!

YOU CRAZY KID! YOU MIGHT BE KILLED!



YOU SHOULDN'T TRY SUCH TRICKS!

IT LOOKED SO EASY WHEN YOU DID IT!



MEANWHILE, S-4 AND S-5, PAY A STEALTHY VISIT TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS ---

WE'LL GRAB WALTERS' DAUGHTER, AS SOON AS WE GET THE PLANS!

GEE, YOU GOT THE SAFE OPEN ALREADY



THESE ARE THE PLANS TO THE RAY, ALL RIGHT!

LET'S BEAT IT, BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES OUR FLASHLIGHT!



THE SPIES TURN KIDNAPPERS ---

WHEN WALTERS LEARNS WE HAVE HIS DAUGHTER, HE'LL DO AS WE ASK!

HE'D BETTER! THOSE PLANS MUST GET TO XANDIA!



--AND FORCE RUTH TO WRITE A NOTE TO HER FATHER--

YOU CAN TAKE IT TO HER FATHER, AS SOON AS SHE'S FINISHED!

YEH, HE'LL RECOGNIZE HIS OWN KID'S HANDWRITING!



YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, YOU HAD TO LOOK FOR YOURSELF! WELL?

YES, SHE'S GONE! IF YOU HARM HER--



YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO LEAVE FOR XANDIA, IN AN HOUR! OR ELSE!

YOU FORCE ME TO AGREE TO YOUR DIRTY WORK!



AS THE WING CIRCLES OVER THE HOME OF HENRY WALTERS ---

WHO'S CALLING AT THIS HOUR OF NIGHT?

LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! LET'S ASK WALTERS, HIMSELF!



SO THEY'VE KIDNAPPED RUTH!

AND HE SAID IT'S MY INVENTION THEY'RE AFTER?

YES TO YOU, BOTH! AND ONE OF THEM IS COMING FOR ME IN AN HOUR!



WE'LL FIND RUTH!

FIRST WE'LL SEE IF THEY'VE GOTTEN THE PLANS OF THE RAY!

IF THEY HAVEN'T, YOU MAY TRAP THEM AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS!

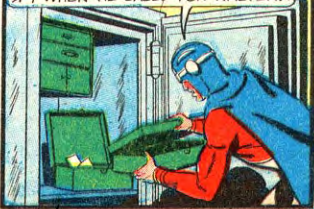


I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

WE'LL BE AT HEADQUARTERS SOON!



GONE! WELL, I'VE GOT TO NAB THAT SPY WHEN HE CALLS FOR WALTERS!





MUST TELL THE GENERAL TO PUT IRON BARS ON THESE WINDOWS! STRANGERS CAN GET IN AND OUT TOO EASILY!



THE PLANS ARE GONE!

IF THEY GET TO XANDIA -- A COUNTRY LIKE THAT WOULD PUT YOUR RAY TO EVIL USE!



THE WING RACES BACK TO THE HOME OF HENRY WALTERS --

THAT MUST BE THE SPY, WITH MR. WALTERS!

YOU STAY OUT HERE, WHILE I HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM!



PLEASE, RELEASE MY DAUGHTER BEFORE I GO TO XANDIA!

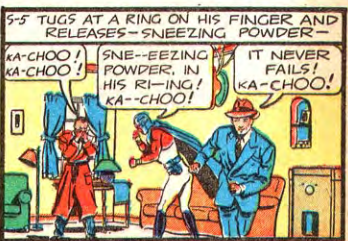
SHE'LL BE FREED WHEN YOU DELIVER THE PLANS IN XANDIA! NO SOONER!

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT!



WHO ARE YOU?

THE SKYMAN, IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED!

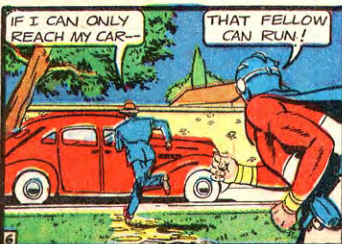


5-5 TUGS AT A RING ON HIS FINGER AND RELEASES - SNEEZING POWDER -

KA-CHOO! KA-CHOO!

SNE-EEZING POWDER, IN HIS RI-ING! KA--CHOO!

IT NEVER FAILS! KA-CHOO!

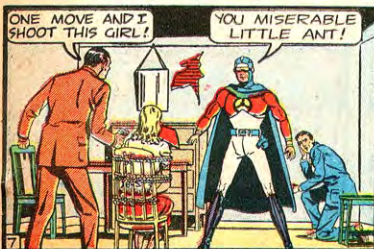
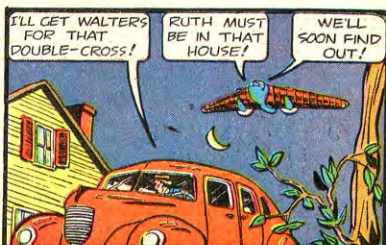
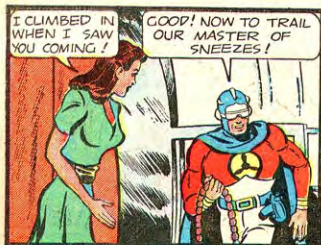


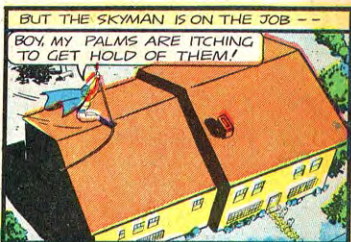
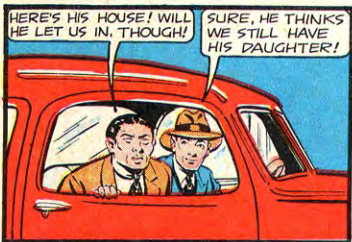
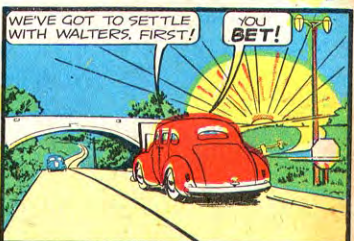
IF I CAN ONLY REACH MY CAR--

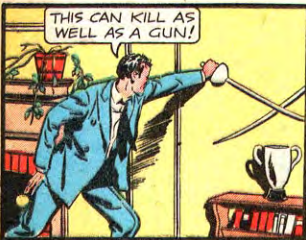
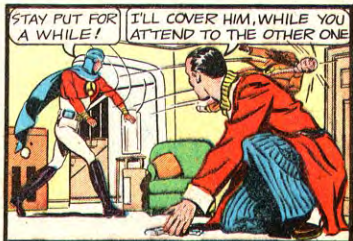
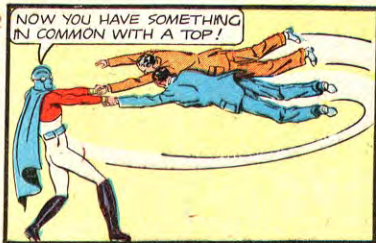
THAT FELLOW CAN RUN!

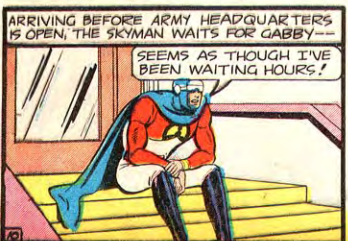
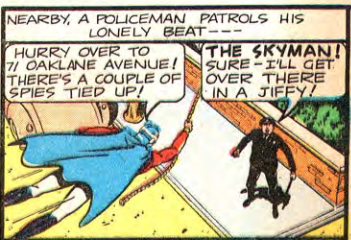
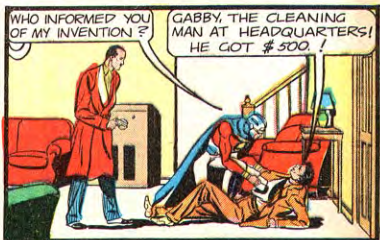


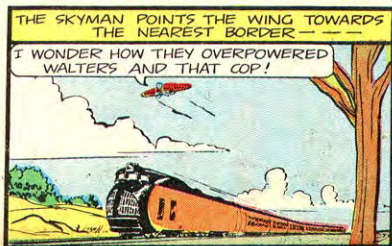
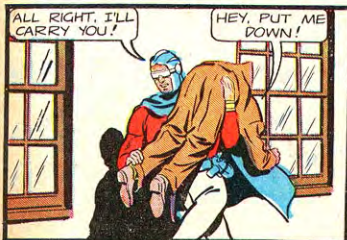
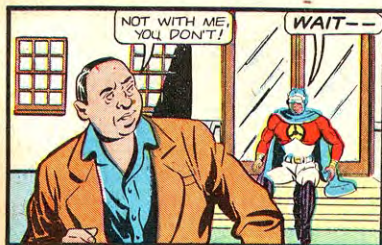
MADE IT! GUESS I WASN'T A CHAMPION SPRINTER, FOR NOTHING!

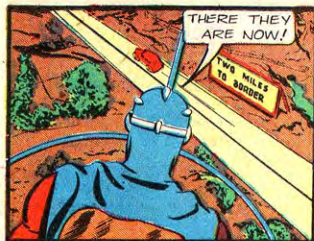






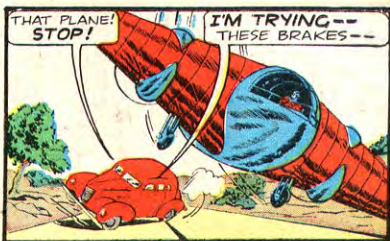






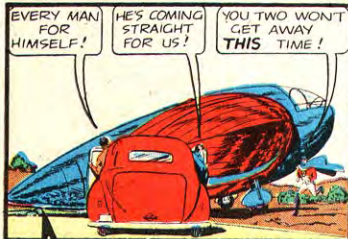
THERE THEY ARE NOW!

TWO MILES TO BORDER



THAT PLANE! STOP!

I'M TRYING-- THESE BRAKES--



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

HE'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

YOU TWO WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!



NOW THEN, YOU TWO HAVE A DATE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

BOY, YOU COULD FIGHT A WAR ALL BY YOURSELF!

AND WE WERE ALMOST OVER THE BORDER!



ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT, IN MY LANGUAGE

GOOD THING WE DIDN'T KILL WALTERS AND THAT COP--

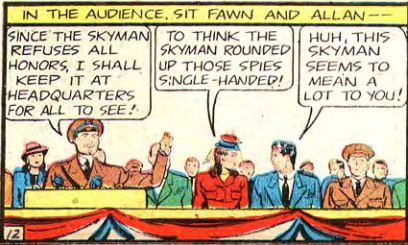
YEH, IF WE HADN'T BEEN STINGY ON THE BULLETS, WE MIGHT BE UP FOR MURDER!



A WEEK LATER-- AT THE ANNUAL ARMY PARADE ---

I HAVE A MEDAL FOR A MAN, WHO NOT ONLY INVENTED A GREAT WEAPON. BUT PREVENTED IT FROM BEING STOLEN, AS WELL --

Oyster Whitney



IN THE AUDIENCE, SIT FAWN AND ALLAN--

SINCE THE SKYMAN REFUSES ALL HONORS, I SHALL KEEP IT AT HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL TO SEE!

TO THINK THE SKYMAN ROUNDED UP THOSE SPIES SINGLE-HANDED!

HUH, THIS SKYMAN SEEMS TO MEAN A LOT TO YOU!



I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ARMY GIVE YOU A MEDAL, MR. SMARTIE!

YOU MUST INTRODUCE ME TO THE SKYMAN! I'D ENJOY MEETING HIM

The SKYMAN

by
Paul Dean

Encounters Kidnapers

HIGH above the towns of Westchester soared the powerful *Wing* an ultra-modern airplane that embodied all the wished-for designs and devices ever dreamed of by the leading aircraftsmen in America. The two mighty engines set snugly in the red wings of the plane hummed a soft symphony of unleashed power and force. At the controls of the *Wing* in the glass-enclosed blue cabin sat the Skyman.

"Strangely enough, everything appears to be peaceful and quiet," he mused to himself. "Can it be that people are actually learning to live and behave like civilized human beings?"

As if in answer to his query, far below on the white ribbon that was the county highway, the Skyman witnessed a green sedan suddenly swerve from the road, crash through a group of bushes and come to a stop with its engine crushed against a heavy oak tree.

"Perhaps I spoke too soon!" said the Skyman. He swung the *Wing* in a broad circle, throttled the engines to a mere idling speed and coasted down toward the scene of the accident. Using the magnetic attraction of the North and South Poles, the Skyman brought his plane to a standstill in midair directly above the wrecked car. There was neither life nor movement and the Skyman knew that the driver or occupants were unconscious and possibly seriously hurt. With unbelievable deftness and agility, he lowered a rope from the door of the cabin and sliding down, dropped noiselessly to the ground

beside the auto. He peered into the car and saw that the sole person inside was a young lady. She was slumped behind the wheel, her eyes closed and her copper-haired head resting against the side of the door.

The Skyman opened the door and gently lifted the unconscious girl out. Carrying her to a grassy knoll he propped her comfortably beside a large tree. Presently she opened her eyes and in their depths the Skyman read fear and anxiety.

"Where . . . where am I?" she whispered, hoarsely. "And who are you?"

"People generally call me the Skyman and as for you . . . well, you're somewhere in Westchester just about fifteen yards off the county highway. I happened to see your car swerve off the road and crash into that tree over there."

The girl covered her eyes with her hand. "Yes, I remember now. The car must have grazed a large stone. I felt the wheel spin from my hand . . . then I saw the tree in front of me . . . and that's all I knew!"



"But tell me, what was your hurry?" the Skyman asked. "You were hitting it up at a pretty lively speed."

Tears welled in the girl's eyes. "I was trying to save my father . . . he was kidnaped!"

"Kidnaped!" muttered the Skyman, pursing his lips. "Do you know who your father's kidnapers were and where they were taking him?"

"No, I don't," the girl replied. "But I do know that my father received many threatening letters during the past two months or so. My father is an inventor and recently he discovered a new chemical solution that would revolutionize the steel industry. Someone must have heard of his discovery because it was only a short time later that Father received the first of the threats . . . whoever they are warned him to destroy the formula if he valued his life!"

"He disregarded their threats and now his enemies have resorted to force," the Skyman added. "In which direction did they take him?"

"They drove north toward Connecticut . . . they must have a hide-out or some place in the country!"

"Precisely," exclaimed the Skyman. "And we're going after them . . . now!"

With no apparent effort, the Skyman lifted the girl in one arm and walked over to the rope hanging from the suspended *Wing*. The muscles of his powerful body rippled beneath the red and white cloth of his uniform as he pulled himself and the girl up to the opened door of the cabin. The girl's eyes were

For the BEST in comic magazines,

wide with astonishment and she sank down into one of the leather-upholstered chairs. She tried to comprehend whether this was all a fantastic dream or if she was actually one of the characters playing a part in this really amazing drama.

The Skyman locked the door of the cabin and flinging his blue cape back over his shoulder, seated himself at the dial-studded control panel. "You can't, by any chance, recall the color or make of the car in which your father was kidnapped?"

"Why . . . why yes I can!" she replied. "It was a gray and black sedan . . . and I believe it had a dented fender in the front!"

"That's fine! I'll try and pick them up on the televisi-radio screen!" He turned several of the dials on the dashboard and on a small metallic screen before him there appeared a view of the Westchester countryside in all its detail and color. The scene continued to shift from one section to another as he adjusted the dials. Then suddenly he stopped and by another twist of the knobs he brought into close range the picture of a black and gray sedan racing along a narrow country road.

"That's it . . . that's the car Daddy's in!" the girl cried.

"They're just about crossing the state line into Connecticut," said the Skyman as he studied the movements of the auto. "Evidently they're heading for that hilly, wooded area in the western part of the state."

The Skyman started the *Wing's* engines and the powerful plane left its suspended position and flew northward at the startling speed of 600 miles an hour. But even at this rate of traveling the girl experienced no sensations of discomfort; she merely felt as though she was traveling in a pleasant Pullman car.



THE Skyman nosed the *Wing* to an altitude of 10,000 feet and three minutes later the location-director on the panel board informed him that they were di-

rectly over the kidnapers' car. By throttling the engines of the *Wing* down to almost an idling speed he caused the mighty plane to follow every move and turn of the auto. In the screen of the televisi-radio, the Skyman and the girl saw the car finally slow down and bounce into a rutted and dusty road that snaked between tall trees and approached a small cabin in a clearing.

The car pulled up in front of the cabin and three men alighted, one of whom was tied and gagged. The door of the cabin swung open and a fourth man appeared. He talked for a moment with the new arrivals and then all four entered the building, closing the door behind him.

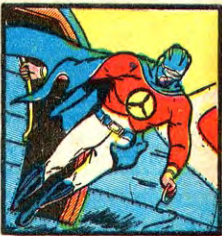
"That was Daddy they had tied up," moaned the girl. "Oh . . . I do hope they don't harm him!"

"Don't worry, they won't do a thing to him!" the Skyman said grimly. He adjusted the controls of the plane and in a series of smooth, graceful circles the *Wing* swooped down from the high altitude. Twenty feet above the cabin the Skyman halted the plane and caused it to remain motionless. He opened the cabin door and tossed out the length of rope. Breathlessly, the girl watched the colorfully clad athlete slip down the rope and leap to the ground back of the cabin. He waved his hand cheerfully to her and then drawing his stasi-matic from the holster, he approached the building.

With the speed of lightning, he took three short steps and jumping up and forward, he crashed through the curtained, glass window in the side of the cabin. His photographic mind quickly digested the scene his eye transmitted to it. In the center of the room, bound securely to a chair, sat the girl's father; his face was drawn with anguish and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. In front and to each side stood the three other men, obviously preparing to torture their victim.

"Sorry to spoil your fun, fellows!" the Skyman said quietly. The kidnapers raised their revolvers to fire but the Skyman

pressed the trigger of his stasi-matic and a beam of pale yellow shot out and enveloped two of the men. Their weapons fell from their hands and they dropped to the floor unconscious. For the sheer thrill of physical combat, the Skyman lunged at the third kidnaper and sent a crushing right to his jaw.



"Your daughter is waiting in my plane for you, sir," the Skyman said as he untied the inventor. Outside the cabin he lifted the thankful father up to the *Wing* and to his happy daughter. He then shackled the three kidnapers and in turn carried them up to the suspended plane.

Some five minutes later he flew low over one of the local airports and deposited the three criminals by the ingenious method of floating them to earth by parachute. And with them he attached a note requesting that they be taken at once to Police Headquarters. Swinging about, he headed the nose of the plane towards Westchester where the grateful inventor and his daughter alighted, smiling happily.

"You saved my life, Skyman," said the man, "and I am profoundly thankful!"

"My sole purpose in life is to defend mankind against brute force and crime," said the Skyman. "And in this particular case I was more than happy to perform my duty, I assure you!"

He waved farewell and climbing into the plane, throttled the engines. Smaller and smaller it became, and finally the *Wing* and the Skyman disappeared into the azure heavens.

END

buy BIG SHOT COMICS!

SPARKY WATTS

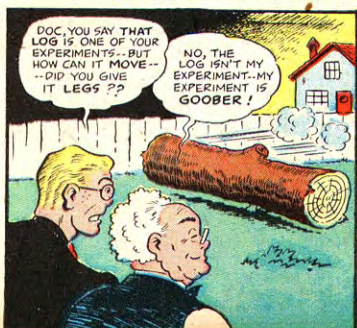
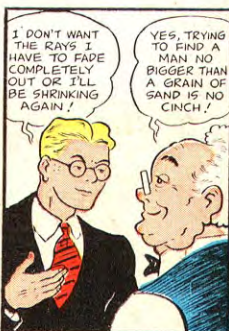
by BOODY ROGERS



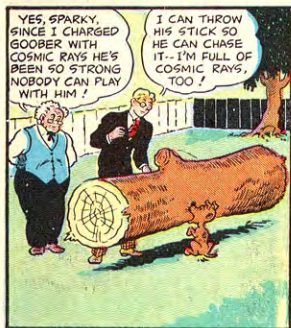
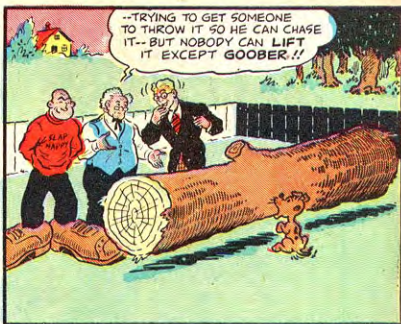
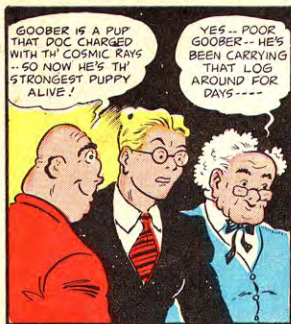
THE STORY IN BRIEF--

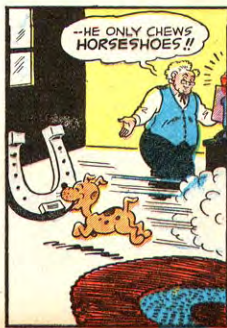
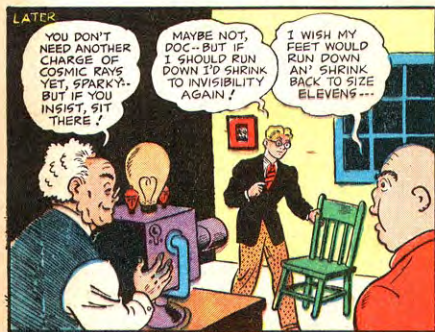
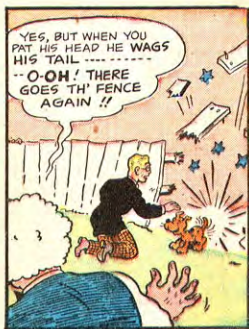
ANYTHING CHARGED BY DOC STATIC'S COSMIC RAY MACHINE IS MADE UNBELIEVABLY STRONG--BUT SHRINKS TO INVISIBILITY AND REQUIRES A RE-CHARGE WHEN THE RAYS LOSE THEIR POTENCY--

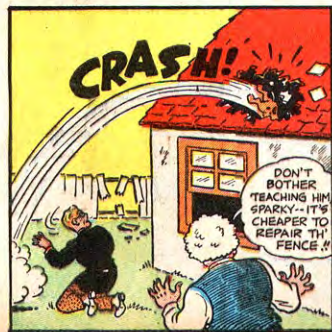
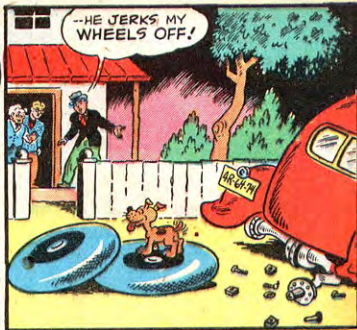
ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

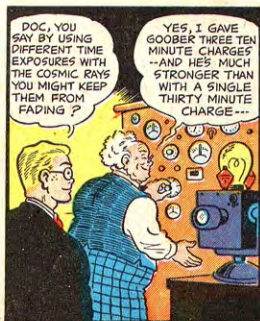
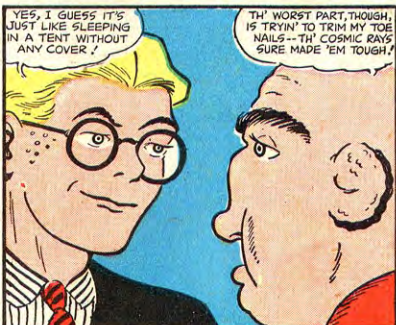
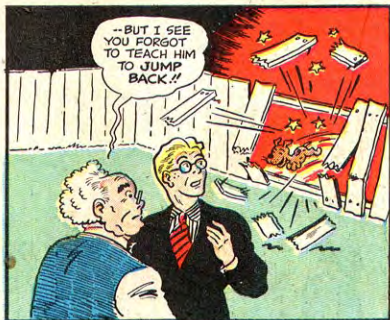


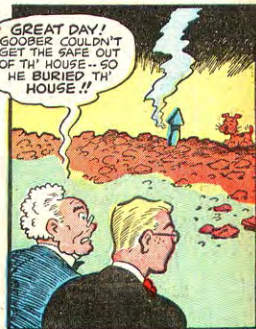
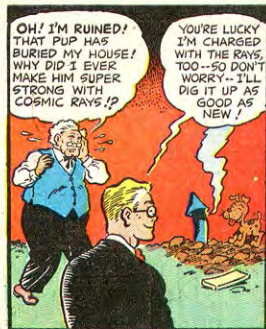
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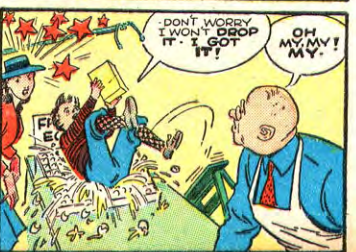
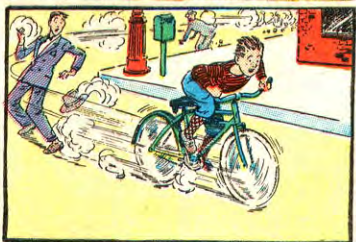


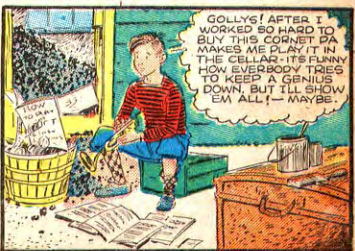
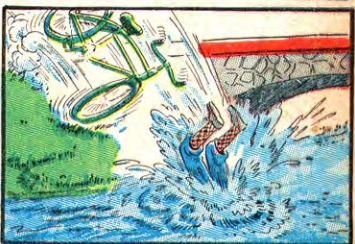
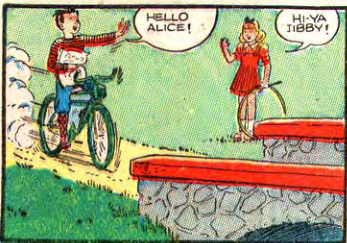
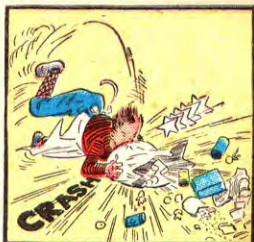






JIBBY JONES



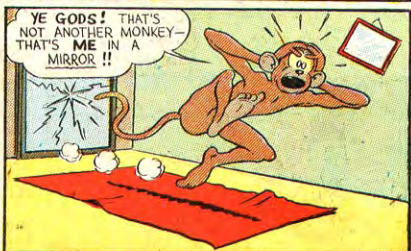
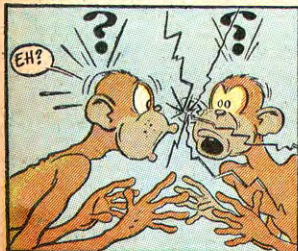
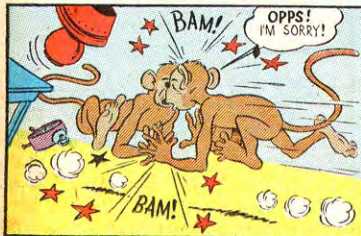


MORTIMER

The monk



by FRED SCHWAB—

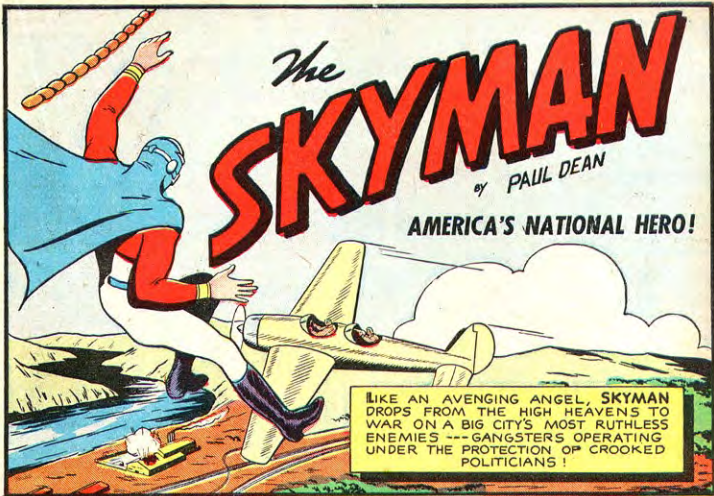


For the BEST in comic magazines, buy BIG SHOT COMICS!

The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!



LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL, SKYMAN DROPS FROM THE HIGH HEAVENS TO WAR ON A BIG CITY'S MOST RUTHLESS ENEMIES --- GANGSTERS OPERATING UNDER THE PROTECTION OF CROOKED POLITICIANS!

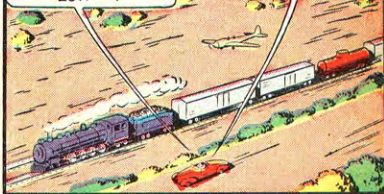
WHEW! THAT DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB WAS MORE EXERCISE THAN I'VE HAD IN A MONTH!

ALLAN--- THAT FREIGHT TRAIN IS TRAVELING AWFUL FAST!



WONDER WHY THAT PLANE'S FLYING SO LOW---

MAYBE THE PILOT'S RACING THE TRAIN!

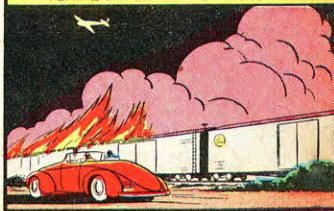


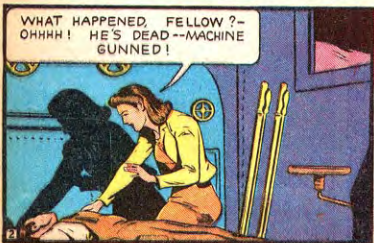
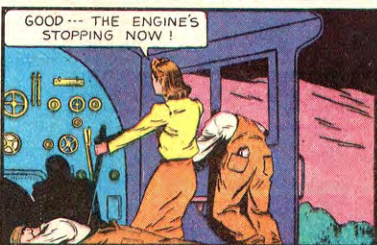
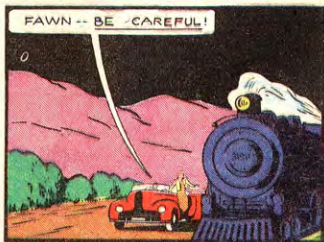
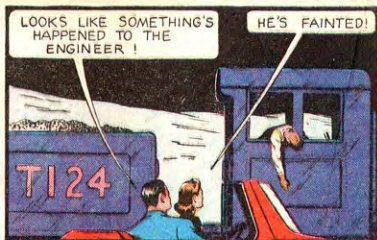
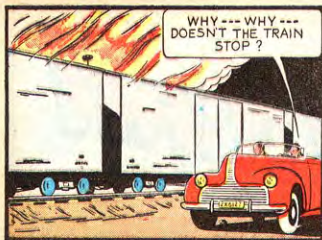
PROBABLY A FRIEND OF THE ENGINEER-- SEE HOW THE PLANE DIPPED OVER THE LOCOMOTIVE!

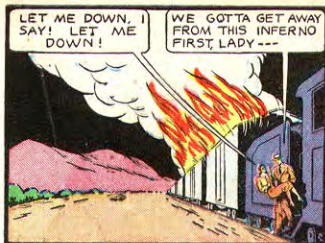
NO--- IT'S-- GOOD LORD!



AS THE AIRPLANE ZOOMS AWAY, A GREAT FLAME ENVELOPES THE TRAIN!

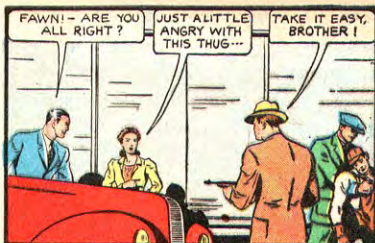






LET ME DOWN, I SAY! LET ME DOWN!

WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS INFERNO FIRST, LADY---



FAWN!- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST A LITTLE ANGRY WITH THIS THUG---

TAKE IT EASY, BROTHER!



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

WE'RE RAILROAD DETECTIVES! WE KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN--BUT WE DIDN'T EXPECT THEM TO USE INCENDIARY BOMBS!



YOU KNEW--?

YES--"ACCIDENTS OFTEN HAPPEN TO OUR SHIPPERS WHO DON'T BELONG TO BUGSY ARCH'S "PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION."



BUGSY ARCH--- THE GANGSTER? WHY ISN'T HE JAILED?

ALWAYS LOOK FOR A CROOKED POLITICIAN BEHIND A FREE CROOK ---AND YOU NEEDN'T LOOK FAR BEHIND BUGSY TO FIND BOSS' WANTS, WHO CONTROLS NEARLY EVERY COURT IN THE STATE!



THEN NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT?

I AIN'T SAYIN' -- BUT MAYBE BUGSY OVERSTEPPED HIMSELF, SOME OF THAT BURNING FREIGHT BELONGS TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT!



FAWN LETS ALLAN OFF AT HIS PLACE

I CAN GET HOME ALL RIGHT --- GOOD NIGHT, ALLAN

YOU LITTLE VIXEN! YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME!

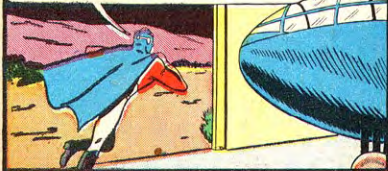
ALL RIGHT, THEN- I AM, PRETTY TIRED --- NIGHT



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER ALLAN TURNER IS RACING TOWARDS THE SKYDROME---

ALREADY FAWN'S ON HER WAY TO BUGSY'S PLACE! HOPE SKYMAN CAN REACH THAT RAT'S NEST IN TIME!

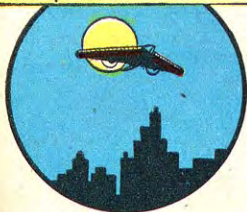
AS ALLAN TURNER I'M ALMOST
JEALOUS OF SKYMAN--- FAWN'S
ALWAYS SO DELIGHTED TO SEE
HER HERO !



BUGSY ARCH HAS A PENTHOUSE
IN THE CITY. I SHOULD SPOT IT
EASILY IN THIS MOONLIGHT !



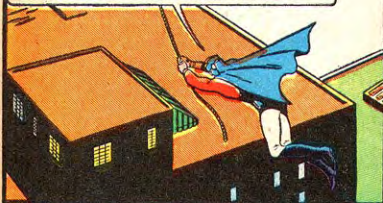
SECONDS LATER, THE WING SOARS
OVER A SLEEPING CITY --



THERE'S BUGSY'S! PLACE!-- NOW IF I CAN
FIND SOME EVIDENCE OF HIS TIE-UP WITH
"BOSS" WANTS, THIS MURDEROUS RACKET--
AND NEARLY ALL THE CRIME IN THIS CITY
-- WILL BE SMASHED AT ONE BLOW-- IF !



WITH THE STABILIZER SET THE WING
WILL REMAIN STATIONARY WHILE I---

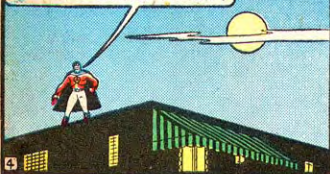


DROP IN ON BUGSY
AND HIS PALS !



LITHE AS A CAT, SKYMAN DROPS TO
THE PENTHOUSE ROOF AND --

FIRST -- A LOOK THROUGH
THAT LIGHTED WINDOW !



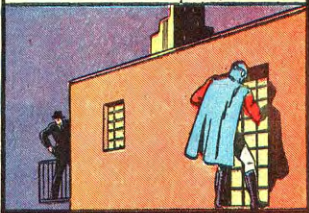
FAWN!-- THEY'VE GOT
FAWN !



NO TIME TO WASTE ON FOUR GORRILAS
WITH MY FISTS! - I'LL JUST PUT THEM TO
SLEEP WITH MY STASIMATIC.



BUT HIS MOVEMENTS ARE SEEN BY
A VIGILANT LOOKOUT -

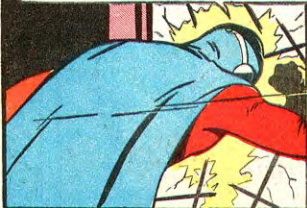


AND THE STASIMATIC IS SHOT OUT OF HIS HAND

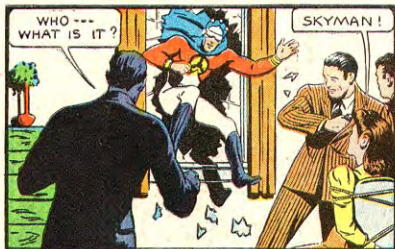
WHAT - A SNIPER!



THAT BIRD'S A CRACK SHOT -
I'M NOT HANGING AROUND HERE!



WHO ---
WHAT IS IT?



SKYMAN!

GET
HIM!

OWWW!

I SHOULD HAVE USED
MY FISTS IN THE FIRST
PLACE. NOTHING LIKE
GOOD OLD "LEFTY"---



--AND RIGHTY!

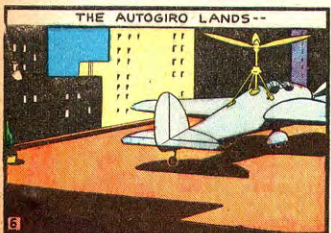
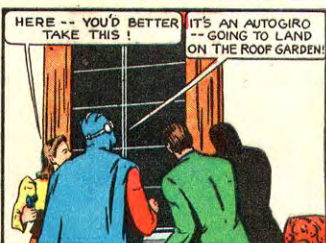
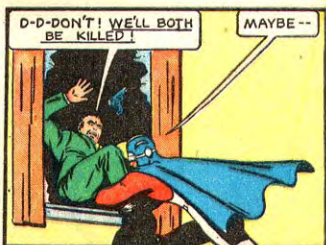


JUST AS SKYMAN FREES FAWN, A GRUFF
VOICE BARKS FROM THE OPEN WINDOW -

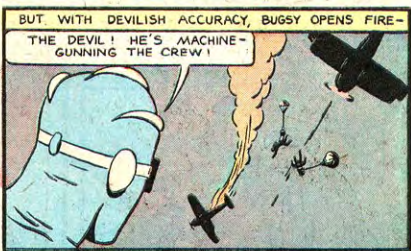
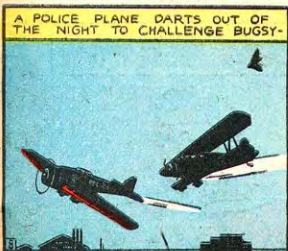
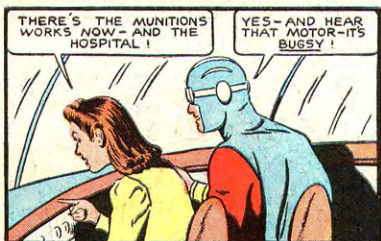
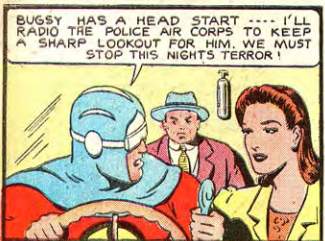
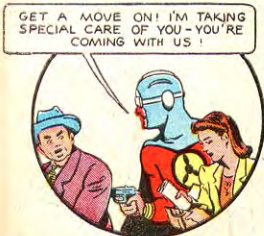
ON YOUR FEET, SKYMAN!
AND NO FALSE MOVES!

THE SNIPER

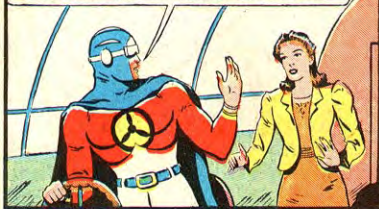








HERE, FAWN--- TAKE OVER! I'M GOING
"DOWNSTAIRS" TO SPOIL BUGSY'S FACE!

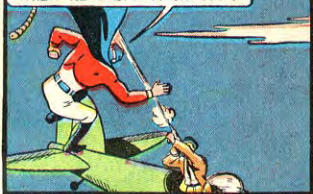


LOOK!

SKYMAN--
PUTTING HIS
NOSE IN!

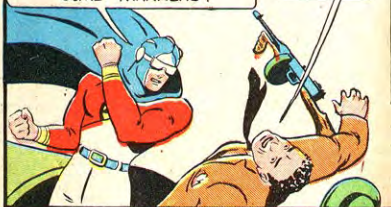


NOT VERY HOSPITABLE, BUGSY--
TREATING A FELLOW LIKE THIS
WHEN HE DROPS IN ON YOU!

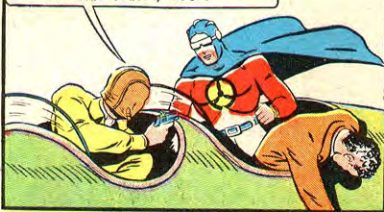


MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU
SOME MANNERS!

OOOOOF!



TAKE IT EASY, WISEGUY! I'M IN
ON THIS PARTY, TOO!



WANT SOME ATTENTION, TOO, HEY?
ONLY TOO GLAD TO OBLIGE!



DESPERATELY, THE PILOT SPINS THE PLANE IN A
BARREL ROLL AND STRAIGHTENS OUT--UPSIDE DOWN!

THAT'LL FIX YOU!

YOU FORGET--
THE SKY'S MY ELEMENT!



BUT AS SKYMAN PREPARES FOR HIS NEXT MOVE,
BUGSY'S FIRE-BOMBS SLIP OUT OF THE COCKPIT!

THE INCENDIARY BOMBS!- THEY'RE
GOING TO FALL ON THE HOSPITAL!



CAUGHT THEM!



AND NOW- RIGHT THIS PLANE BEFORE I SEND YOU DOWN IN FLAMES!

WH-WHAT-- YOU STILL THERE! OKAY! OKAY!



THAT'S BETTER! NOW TO SIGNAL FAWN- WHAT! THE WING IS GONE!



MEANWHILE ---

HOW DID YOU GET LOOSE?

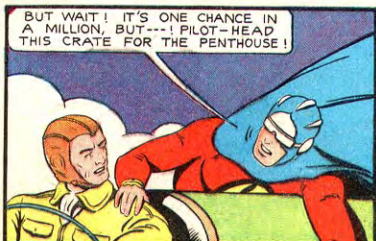
NEVER MIND THAT! TURN THIS SHIP ABOUT BEFORE I CRACK YOUR SKULL LIKE A CHINA DOLL'S



BOSS WANTS MUST HAVE OVER-POWERED FAWN! --- AND THERE'S NO HOPE OF CATCHING UP WITH THEM--- NOT IN THIS FLIVVER PLANE!

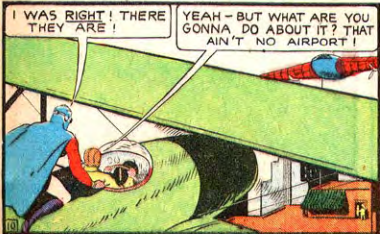


BUT WAIT! IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT---! PILOT-HEAD THIS CRATE FOR THE PENTHOUSE!



I WAS RIGHT! THERE THEY ARE!

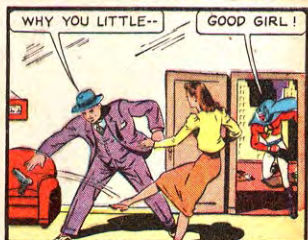
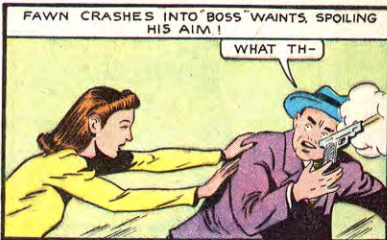
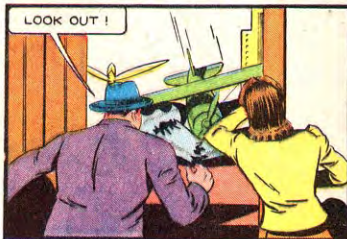
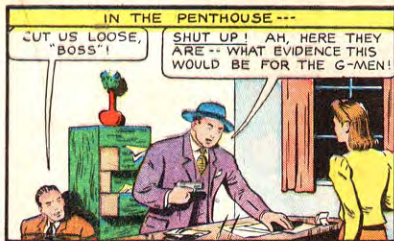
YEAH-BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT? THAT AIN'T NO AIRPORT!



MOVE OVER, SON!- WE'RE GOING TO LAND ON THAT ROOF!

YOU CAN'T! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!







NOW A MILLION FAMILIES DOWN
THERE CAN SLEEP MORE SOUNDLY
- BECAUSE THERE IS A SKYMAN !



HALF AN HOUR LATER, ALLAN TURNER IS
"AWAKENED" BY A PHONE CALL

THAT YOU, FAWN ? - OH - YOUR HERO BROKE UP
THAT GANG ? WELL, TELL ME SOME OTHER TIME.
I'M PRETTY SLEEPY - THAT COUNTRY DANCE, YOU
KNOW, TIRED ME OUT !





The SKYMAN

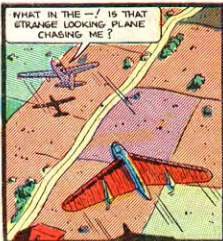
by PAUL DEAN

OUT OF THE AIR IN THE SPRING OF 1940 SWOOPS A STRANGE PLANE, FLEET AS THE WIND IT RIDES, PILOTED BY A MASTER AIRMAN KNOWN ONLY AS THE SKYMAN. OVER THE COTTON PLANTATIONS OF VIRGINIA THE PLANE APPEARS LIKE THE FABLED BLACK THUNDERBIRD.

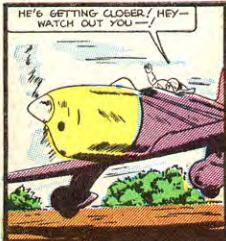


THE INSIGNIA OF THE SKYMAN.

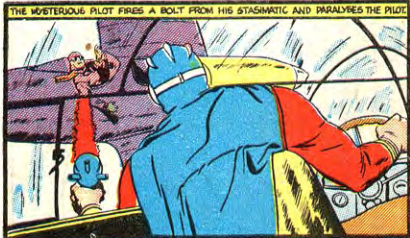
WHAT IN THE -- / IS THAT STRANGE LOOKING PLANE CHASING ME?



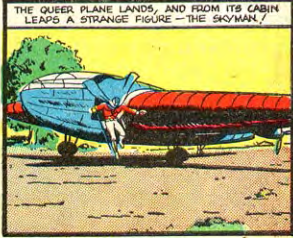
HE'S GETTING CLOSER! HEY-- WATCH OUT YOU--



THE MYSTERIOUS PILOT FIRES A BOLT FROM HIS STASIMATIC AND PARALYZES THE PILOT.



THE QUEER PLANE LANDS, AND FROM ITS CABIN LEAPS A STRANGE FIGURE--THE SKYMAN!

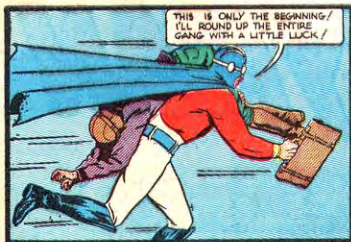


JUST AS I THOUGHT! A BRIEF CASE HIDDEN BEHIND THE INSTRUMENT BOARD!



SO! THESE PAPERS CONTAIN LISTS OF SABOTAGE PLOTS IN DETAIL AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT TO GET US INTO WAR!



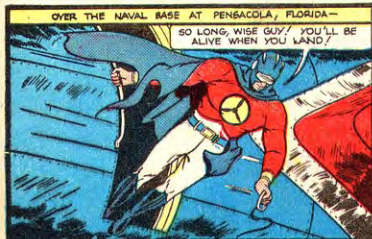


THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! I'LL ROUND UP THE ENTIRE GANG WITH A LITTLE LUCK!



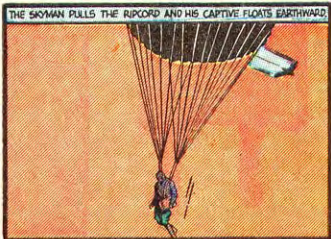
THE SKYMAN PREPARES TO "BAIL OUT" HIS CAPTIVE.

THIS OUGHT TO KEEP YOU ALIVE WHEN I TOSS YOU OUT!



OVER THE NAVAL BASE AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—

SO LONG, WISE GUY! YOU'LL BE ALIVE WHEN YOU LAND!



THE SKYMAN PULLS THE RIGCORD AND HIS CAPTIVE FLOATS EARTHWARD.



ANOTHER VISIT FROM THE SKYMAN!

NO ONE KNOWS WHO HE IS, BUT HE'S SURE ROUNDING UP THESE SABOTAGE AGENTS WHEN THE GOVERNMENT COULDN'T DO IT!



YE GOATS OF HADES! LOOK! THE ENTIRE PLOT OF THESE SABOTAGE AGENTS! NAMES, PLACES, DATES! WOW!

ADIEU, SKYMAN!



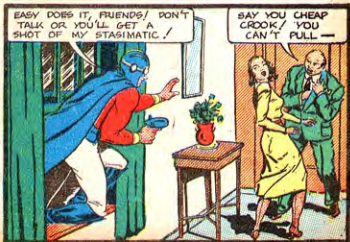
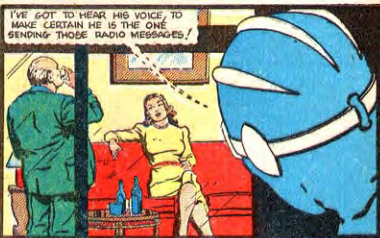
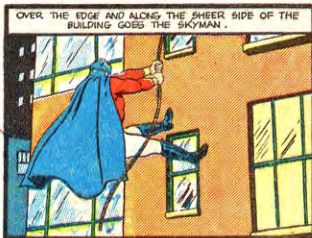
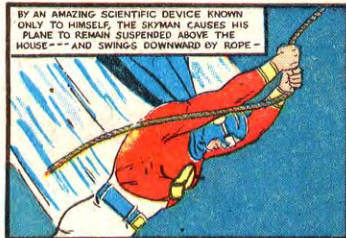
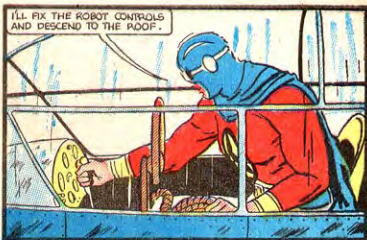
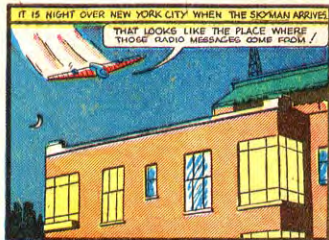
WHO-WHO IS THAT GUY! HE CAN FLY LIKE AN EAGLE!

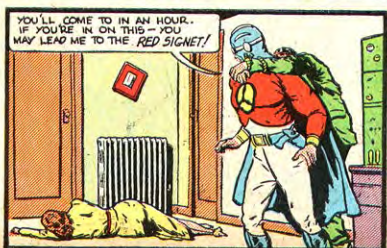
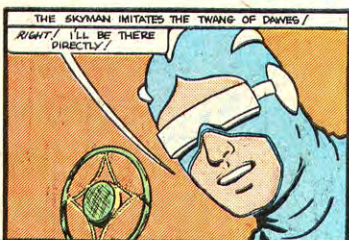
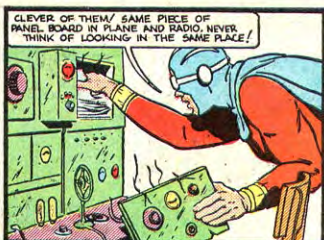
THE SKYMAN! LUCKY FOR THE U.S.A. HE'S HELPING US!

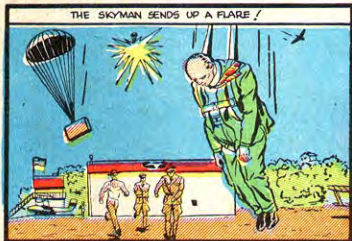
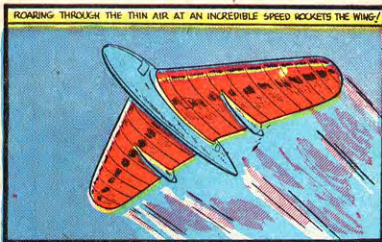


AND ABOARD THE FLEET WING, THE SKYMAN PREPARES FOR MORE ACTION.

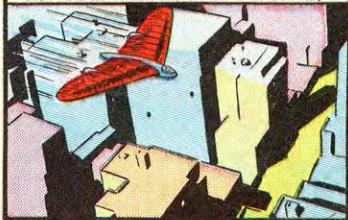
I LANDED THAT PLANE BECAUSE I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF ITS DAILY TRIPS TO CUBA! NOW FOR THE MAN WHO'S BEEN SENDING THOSE RADIO CALLS!





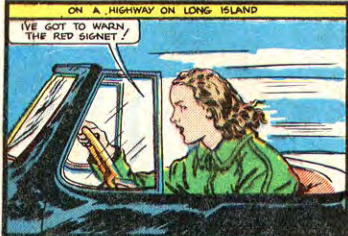


OVER DESERTED STREETS AND BYWAYS RACES THE WING.

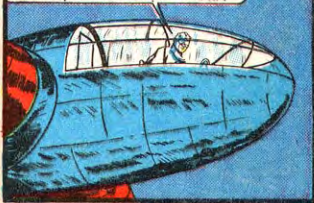


ON A HIGHWAY ON LONG ISLAND

I'VE GOT TO WARN
THE RED SIGNET!



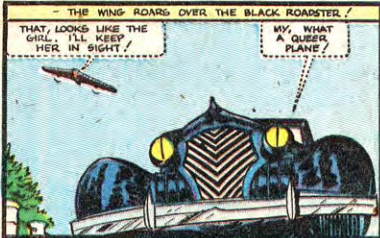
THAT RADIO CALL FOR DAWES CAME
FROM SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND.
PERHAPS, IF I FOLLOW THE PARKWAY—



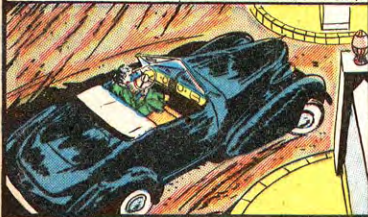
— THE WING ROARS OVER THE BLACK ROADSTER !

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
GIRL. I'LL KEEP
HER IN SIGHT!

MY, WHAT
A QUEER
PLANE!

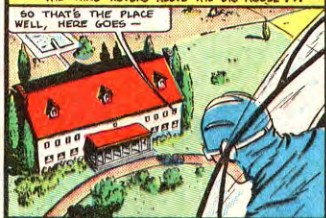


FAR OUT ON LONG ISLAND THE GIRL TURNS INTO A GRAVEL DRIVEWAY.



THE WING HOVERS ABOVE THE BIG HOUSE ...

SO THAT'S THE PLACE
WELL, HERE GOES —



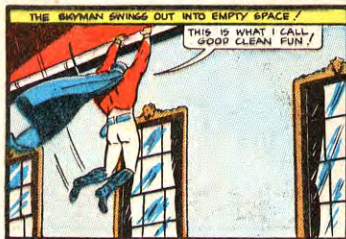
THE SKYMAN DESCENDS BY ROPE TO THE ROOFTOP BELOW.

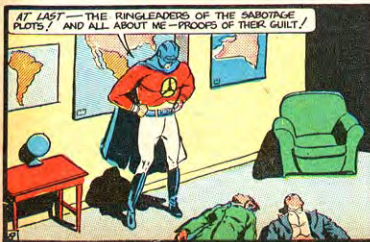
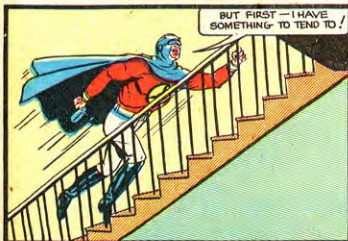
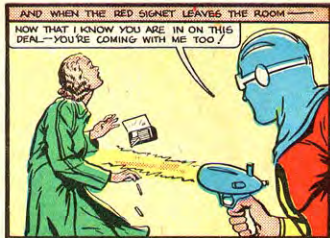
THIS IS THE END OF
THE TRAIL, I'LL BET!

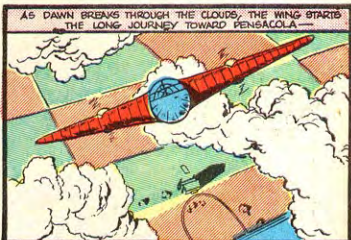
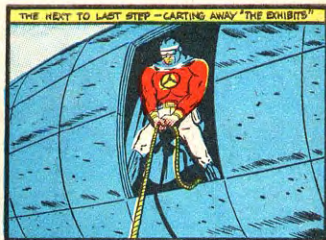


IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, I HAVE
A FEELING THAT THIS IS
THE RED SIGNET'S LAIR!









WHO IS THE **SKYMAN**?
WHY DOES HE AID THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE AGAINST TREACHERY?
ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS
IN A NEW **SKYMAN** ADVENTURE
NEXT MONTH - **DON'T MISS IT!**



Follow the sensational exploits of **THE SKYMAN** each and every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE

AAGH!
AAGH!

GRIM AND FANTASTIC—COMPOSED OF THE STUFF OF TORTURED NIGHTMARES—WEIRD AND GRUESOME IS—THE FACE! WHO IS HE? ALL THE UNDERWORLD WOULD LIKE TO KNOW! IS HE A CRIMINAL? ALL THE LAW ENFORCING AGENCIES THINK SO—BUT THEY LACK PROOF! HE COMES AND GOES GRINNING AN ETERNAL GRIN—LIKE A NAMELESS SHADOW, SILENT AND MYSTERIOUS!..

SHE FAINTED! WELL, MY FACE ISN'T ANY PLEASANT THING—AH, HER HANDBAG!

SEIZING THE WOMAN'S HANDBAG, THE FACE PREPARES FOR A QUICK EXIT—

NOW TO MAKE A GETAWAY BEFORE MELISSA SANDERS RECOVERS! I THINK THE INFORMATION I WANT IS IN HER BAG!

—AND DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND NEAR HIS POWERFUL ROADSTER.

SEATED IN HIS CAR, THE FACE FUMBLERS AT THE BASE OF HIS NECK—

THIS RUBBER MASK WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR MY FACE—EVERY CURVE AND BUMP OF MY HEAD IS FOLLOWED—

AND LIFTS OFF—A RUBBEROID MASK!

—SO THAT IT FITS MY FEATURES EXACTLY! THE MAN WHO MADE IT FOR ME DIED—SO NONE CAN TRACE ME!

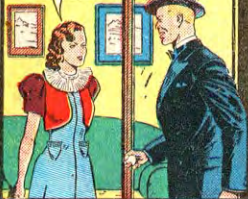
THE MASK IS SO SMALL AND COMPACT, IT FITS EASILY INTO A VEST POCKET.

IF THOSE PEOPLE PASSING BY KNEW ME FOR—THE FACE! THEY'D TEAR ME TO PIECES! I WONDER IF I'M LATE FOR THE BROADCAST?

AT RADIO STATION WBSC, OWNED BY TONY TRENT (THE FACE) —

TONY TRENT! YOU'RE LATE AGAIN! HURRY — YOU SHOULD BE ON THE AIR! OH, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

HELLO, BABS! MY, WHAT AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY! OKAY — I'M READY!



SO THE FACE APPEARS OVER THE RADIO NETWORK AS TONY TRENT, POPULAR RADIO COMMENTATOR.

HELLO, FOLKS OF AMERICA. THIS IS TONY TRENT OF THE AIRWAVES COMING TO YOU — THAT **FOOD SHORTAGE** IN THE CITY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT YESTERDAY IS NO JOKE. LISTEN —



I GOT HOLD OF SOMETHING — THE BILL OF SALE FROM A WESTERN FARMER TO — THE CITY'S CRIME CHIEF — GRUDGE GROGAN — FOR THOSE TURKEYS THAT MADE THE POOR ORPHAN ASYLUM CHILDREN SICK THIS WEEK-END!



HOW DID YOU LIKE THAT, BABS? I TOLD YOU I'D GET THE PROOF AND THE TRUTH — ABOUT THOSE TURKEYS.

TONY — GROGAN WILL GET YOU FOR THIS! HE'LL KILL YOU!



I'M GOING TO PAY A FLYING VISIT TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM TO CHECK UP ON THIS POISONED TURKEY FOOD!

TONY — BE CAREFUL!



THE FACE ARRIVES AT THE ASYLUM!

THIS IS THE ORPHAN ASYLUM — I'LL CHECK ON THE POISONED TURKEY MEAT FIRST!



HE INVESTIGATES THE BAD MEAT —

THIS MEAT IS RANK! GROGAN OUGHT TO BE SENT TO JAIL FOR THIS.

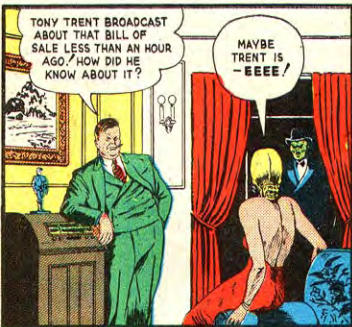


AND LOOKS IN ON THE SICK WARD OF THE ASYLUM —

POOR LITTLE TYKES — ALL SICK! I'LL SEE THAT GROGAN PAYS FOR THIS!



AT "GRUDGE" GROGAN'S SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT —



THE APARTMENT DOOR HAD OPENED NOISELESSLY — AND THE **FACE** SUDDENLY APPEARS LIKE A TERRIBLE SPECTRE!



I WANT **DETAILS**, GROGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE MONEY THE TAXPAYERS ARE GIVING FOR RELIEF? THE PEOPLE ON RELIEF ARE GETTING ONLY FLOUR AND APPLES!



BEHIND THE **FACE**, A DOOR IS PUSHED INWARD —



SIGHT OF THE **HIDEOUS** FEATURES OF THE **FACE** UNNERVES THE GUNMEN LONG ENOUGH FOR THE **FACE** TO BE UPON THEM!



I TOUGHT TO SHOOT YOU LIKE THE DOG YOU ARE, GROGAN — BUT I'M GOING TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS, INSTEAD!



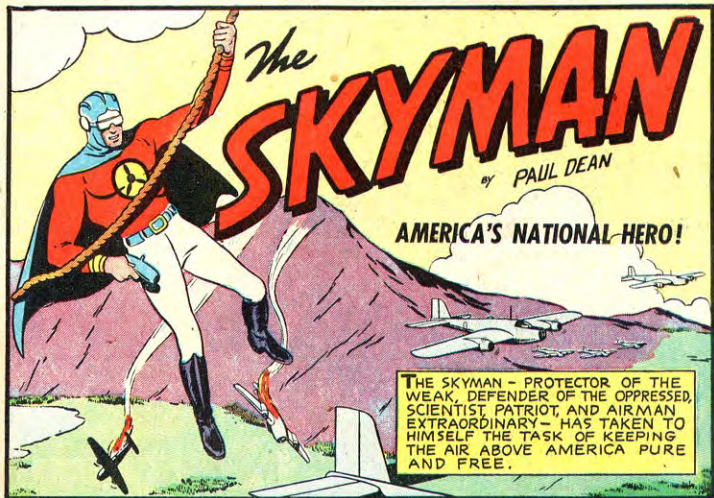
YOU BOUGHT POISONED MEAT FOR THE ORPHANS. YOU GIVE PEOPLE ON RELIEF FLOUR AND APPLES. BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'M GOING TO GET PROOF OF WHAT I SAY!











THE SKYMAN - PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK, DEFENDER OF THE OPPRESSED, SCIENTIST, PATRIOT, AND AIRMAN EXTRAORDINARY - HAS TAKEN TO HIMSELF THE TASK OF KEEPING THE AIR ABOVE AMERICA PURE AND FREE.

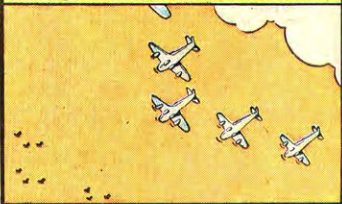
DURING THE ANNUAL U.S. WAR GAMES -

THIS DAYLIGHT "RAID" WILL PROVE HOW EFFECTIVE OUR DEFENSES ARE.

WE CAN'T PROVE MUCH WITH DUMMY SHELLS! BUT LET'S HOPE WE NEVER HAVE TO USE THE REAL THING.



SOME MILES AWAY, A SINISTER FORMATION OF PLANES DROP FROM THE CLOUDS AS THE 'ATTACKING' FORCES ROAR BY -



THAT WORKED PERFECTLY! NOW THEY'LL THINK WE'RE PART OF THE SQUADRON!

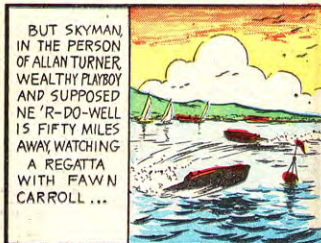
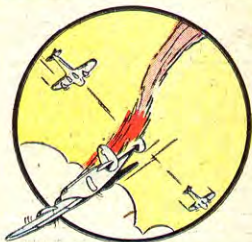
GOOD! THERE'S THE NAVY BASE NOW - READY!

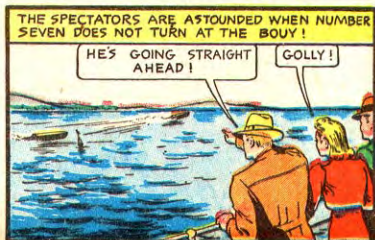
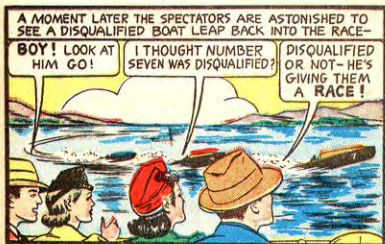
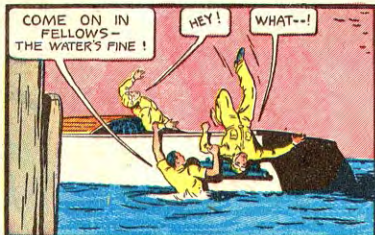
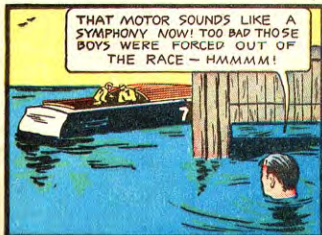


HERE THEY COME NOW! THEORETICALLY, OUR INTERCEPTOR PLANES WOULD HAVE BROKEN UP THAT FORMATION FIVE MINUTES AGO.

WH - WHAT'S THAT! THOSE REAR PLANES ARE RELEASING THEIR BOMB RACKS!







BEYOND A BEND IN THE RIVER --

GOOD THING THE SKYDROME'S
ONLY A LITTLE WAY OFF--



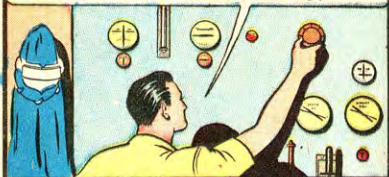
THE BRATON NAVAL BASE, EH? THE
ANNOUNCER DIDN'T SAY WHAT KIND
OF EXPLOSIONS-- BUT I'LL KNOW IN
A MINUTE!



BOMBERS!-- SAY!
SKYMAN'S GOT TO
WORK QUICKLY!



THERE! THAT MAGNETIC FIELD WILL SPREAD
AN INVISIBLE NET OVER THIS WHOLE SECTION
OF THE COUNTRY--TO CATCH THOSE BOMBS
AND PREVENT FURTHER DAMAGE!

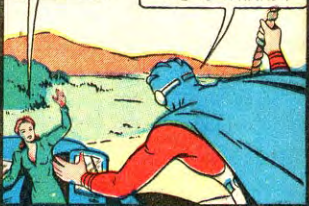


ALLAN TURNER-- NOW **THE SKYMAN**--FLIES SWIFTLY IN
THE WING TOWARDS THE BRATON NAVAL BASE--
FAWN!-- GOING TO RISK HER BEAUTIFUL
NECK IN THE BRATON INFERNO!-- SHE'LL
BE SAFER UP HERE WITH **SKYMAN**!



SKYMAN!

QUICK, FAWN! GIVE
ME YOUR HAND!



DO YOU ALWAYS SWEEP
LITTLE GIRLS OFF
THEIR FEET LIKE THIS?

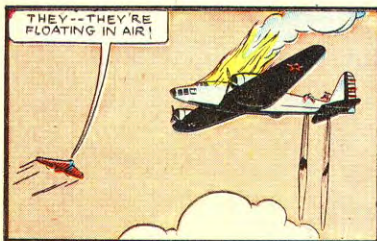
ONLY PRETTY
ONES,
LIKE YOU!



THE NAVAL BASE IS BEING
DELIBERATELY -- AND
SYSTEMATICALLY -- BOMBED
BY UNITED STATES ARMY
PLANES! WHY--

LOOK!





THEY--THEY'RE
FLOATING IN AIR!



NO! THEY'RE HELD UP BY THE MAGNETIC
FIELD THAT I SPREAD TO STOP THE
BOMBING!-- THERE--THE CONTROLS ARE
SET. NOW TO GIVE THEM A HAND!



THE SKYMAN HELPS THE MEN ABOARD.

WHA-WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

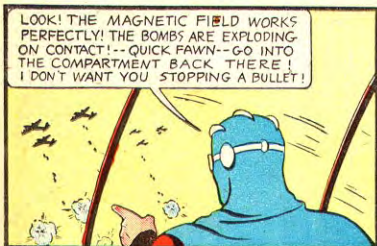
EASY DOES IT
BOYS!



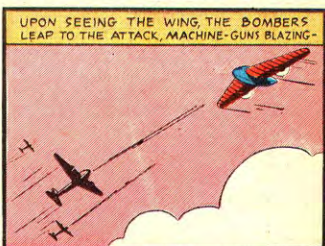
THE MEN RESCUED THE WING SPEEDS TOWARDS THE
BRATON NAVAL BASE AT FIVE-HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT YET-- BUT
THOSE BOMBERS MUST
BE ROUNDED UP. THEY'VE
DONE ENOUGH MISCHIEF!

IF THEY'RE BOMBING
THE NAVAL BASE, THEY
CAN'T BE U.S. ARMY
PLANES-- NO MATTER
WHAT THEIR MARKINGS
SAY!



LOOK! THE MAGNETIC FIELD WORKS
PERFECTLY! THE BOMBS ARE EXPLODING
ON CONTACT!-- QUICK FAWN--GO INTO
THE COMPARTMENT BACK THERE!
I DON'T WANT YOU STOPPING A BULLET!



UPON SEEING THE WING, THE BOMBERS
LEAP TO THE ATTACK, MACHINE-GUNS BLAZING--



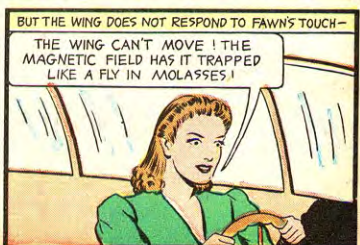
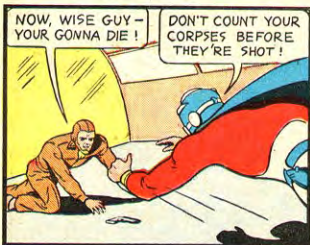
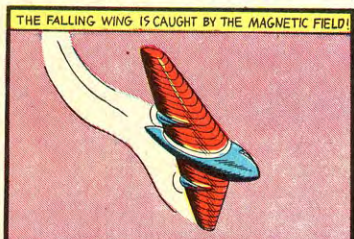
THE WING ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE--



BUT SUDDENLY -- INSIDE THE WING --

WHAT!

I SAID STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS
SHIP -- AND CUT OUT THE
ROUGH STUFF, IF YOU WANT
TO STAY IN ONE PIECE!

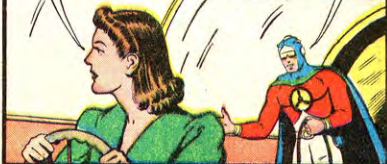


JUST SWITCH ON THE NEWTRALIZER—
YOU'LL FIND IT UNDER THE ALTIMETER
THEN DROP THE WING BENEATH THE
MAGNETIC FIELD— WHERE WE'LL BE
SAFE FROM THE PLANES ABOVE!



IT WORKS — BUT THERE
AREN'T ANY PLANES IN
SIGHT!

WHAT! THAT CAN'T
BE! I'M SURE WE
DIDN'T GET THEM
ALL!



THEY'RE GONE ALL RIGHT! BUT WE
MUST CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY DO
ANY MORE MISCHIEF WE CAN PICK
THEM UP ON THE TELEVISOR!



THEY'RE HEADING NOR BY NOR WEST
30 DEGREES. WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM
IN FIVE MINUTES— BUT I WONDER
WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT? WE KNOW
THOSE BOMBERS DON'T BELONG TO
THE ARMY— DESPITE THEIR MARKINGS!

FOREIGN AGENTS?
FIFTH COLUMNISTS?
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT?



HARDLY! IT WOULD BE DISASTEROUS FOR ANY
NATION TO MAKE A BOLD ATTACK ON OUR MILITARY
FORCES. IN SPITE OF THE CAMOUFLAGE THE IDENTITY
OF THE BOMBERS WOULD EVENTUALLY BE DISCOVERED
—AND THAT WOULD MEAN WAR!— NO — THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON HERE— WHICH I
MEAN TO FIND OUT!



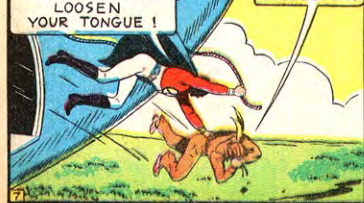
AND ONE OF YOU BIRDS
IS GOING TO TALK!

OH YEAH! WE NEVER
TALKED IN OUR LIVES!



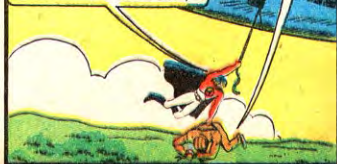
MAYBE THIS WILL
LOOSEN
YOUR TONGUE!

OOOOOOOOH!



NOW WILL YOU TALK? OR
WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER
RIDE, THIS TIME STRAIGHT
DOWN— BY YOURSELF?

I'LL TALK! I'LL
TALK!— IT WAS
THE VOICE!





DON'T LET ME FALL!
IT WAS THE VOICE!
I TELL YOU! THE VOICE!

SAVE YOUR BREATH
TILL WE GET BACK
INTO THE WING!



NOW TALK-- FAST! REMEMBER
YOU CAN STILL GO ON THAT
RIDE-- ONLY NOW IT'S LONGER!

OH--
OH--

IT WAS THE VOICE!—THAT'S ALL I KNOW—HE
PLANNED THE WHOLE THING! HE HAD US
RECONITION SOME TRANSPORT PLANES AND
PAINT ON THOSE ARMY MARKINGS—AND HE
PAID US TO BOMB THE NAVY BASE!



SEEMED LIKE AN HONEST
WAY TO EARN A DOLLAR.
EH? SPEAK UP!—WHO IS
THE VOICE— WHERE DOES
HE LIVE—WHY DID HE HAVE
YOU BOMB THE NAVAL BASE?

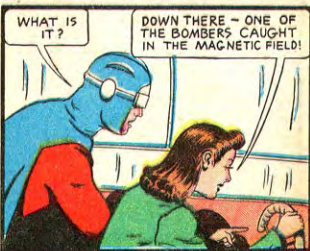


NONE OF US KNOWS. ALL
THE CONTACT WE EVER
HAD WAS WITH THAT
VOICE— BY TELEPHONE OR
SHORT-WAVE RADIO —
SOMETIMES IT JUST CAME
OUT OF THE AIR — A
VOICE THAT ALWAYS
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING
FROM THE GRAVE!



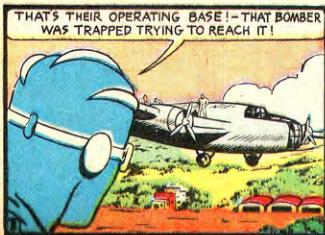
WE'RE STILL IN THE DARK!
— ONE THING MORE —
WHERE IS YOUR OPERATING
BASE?

SKYMAN! COME
HERE— QUICK!



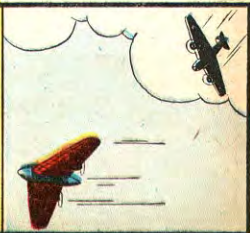
WHAT IS
IT?

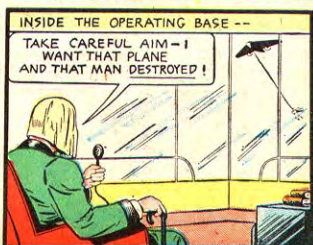
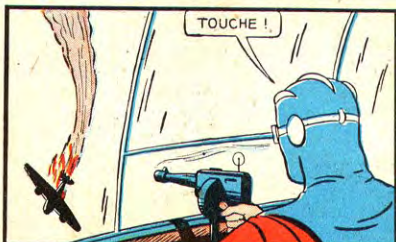
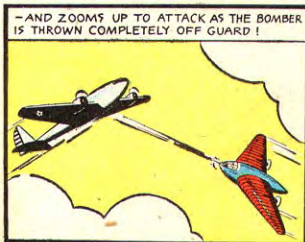
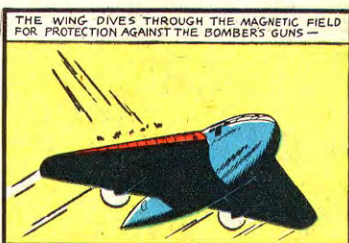
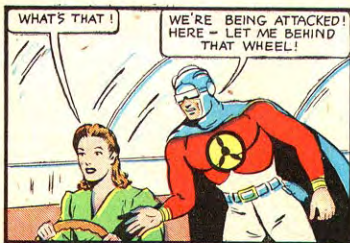
DOWN THERE — ONE OF
THE BOMBERS CAUGHT IN
THE MAGNETIC FIELD!



THAT'S THEIR OPERATING BASE!—THAT BOMBER
WAS TRAPPED TRYING TO REACH IT!

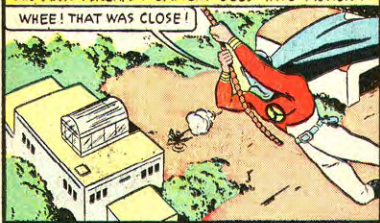
SUDDENLY— OUT
OF THE CLOUDS
WHERE IT HAD
BEEN WATCHING
LIKE A HAWK
SINCE ITS
COMPANION SHIP
HAD BEEN
TRAPPED ---A
BOMBER SCREAMS
IN A POWER DIVE
ON THE WING!





AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY GOES INTO ACTION!

WHEE! THAT WAS CLOSE!



BUT THE SKYMAN QUICKLY PARALYZES THE GUN CREW WITH HIS STASIMATIC --

SORRY BOYS! YOU DON'T GET A SECOND SHOT AT THE PIGEONS IN THIS SHOOTING GALLERY!

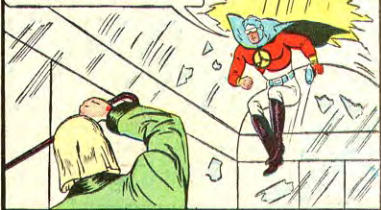


AS HE SWINGS PAST THE GLASS PORCH, SKYMAN SEES THE VEILED FIGURE --

THAT FIGURE WITH THE MICROPHONE! THE VOICE! -- THIS IS A DESPERATE CHANCE BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!

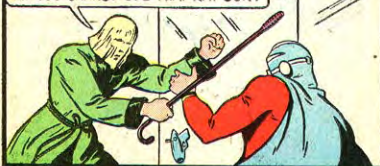


SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU THIS WAY ---!



WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT OF HIS CANE, THE VOICE DISARMS THE SKYMAN!

NOT AT ALL, SKYMAN! YOU ARE VERY WELCOME INDEED -- SO LONG AS YOU CANNOT USE THAT RAY GUN!



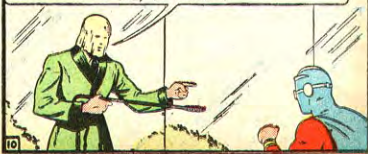
YOU HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME -- WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU ORDER THE BRATON NAVAL BASE BOMBED?



YOU MIGHT HAVE ASKED WHAT AM I? -- I AM WHAT IS LEFT OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE DIED IN THE LAST WAR -- CONDEMNED TO LIVE APART FROM OTHER MEN -- COMPELLED TO WEAR THIS CURSED VEIL BECAUSE EVEN I DARE NOT LOOK UPON THE HORROR OF WHAT WAS ONCE MY FACE! -- I HATE WAR!



I PLAN TO CRIPPLE THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES -- TO KEEP THIS COUNTRY OUT OF ANOTHER WAR! -- THE BRATON NAVAL BASE WAS ONLY MY FIRST OBJECTIVE. AND WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY, I SHALL NOT FAIL AGAIN -- PREPARE TO DIE, SKYMAN!





SORRY--I HAVEN'T TIME TO
DIE YET, MISTER!



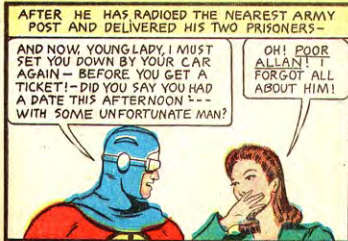
THEY SHATTER THE GLASS AND PLUNGE DOWNWARD
YAA-AAGH!



HIS FALL CUSHIONED BY THE FRAIL BODY OF THE VOICE, SKYMAN
RISES TO HIS FEET--UNHURT--BUT THE VOICE LIES STILL--DEAD.

POOR DEVIL. SOMEWHERE BACK OF THAT
CRAZED BRAIN HE HAD A SOUND IDEA
-- TO KEEP THIS NATION AT PEACE !

BUT THAT CAN BE DONE ONLY
BY MEN WITH SOUND HEADS AND
SOUND HEARTS --



AFTER HE HAS RADIOED THE NEAREST ARMY
POST AND DELIVERED HIS TWO PRISONERS--

AND NOW, YOUNG LADY, I MUST
SET YOU DOWN BY YOUR CAR
AGAIN-- BEFORE YOU GET A
TICKET!-- DID YOU SAY YOU HAD
A DATE THIS AFTERNOON ---
WITH SOME UNFORTUNATE MAN?

OH! POOR
ALLAN! I
FORGOT ALL
ABOUT HIM!



SAY!-- WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE REGATTA, THE
GREAT SPEED OF THE WING MAY COUNT FOR
NOTHING! FAWN WILL BE THERE BEFORE I CAN
GET OUT OF THIS UNIFORM! THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY-- HMMM--



SKYMAN MAKES A STRANGE RADIO CALL--

CALLING POLICE CAR 21! CALLING POLICE
CAR 21!-- A YOUNG LADY IN A YELLOW
SPORTS ROADSTER IS EXCEEDING THE
SPEED LIMIT ON ROUTE 62 --- PICK
HER UP --- THAT IS ALL--



VERY MUCH LATER

OH, ALLAN! I'M SO
SORRY!-- THE REGATTA'S
OVER AND EVERYTHING!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! THE RADIO
KEPT ME COMPANY-- AND SAY!
YOU KNOW WHAT? --- MOTHER
MALONEY ON THAT SOAP OPERA
IS GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER
OPERATION!

**TELL ME,
READERS:**

**WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
FOLLOW MORE
SKYMAN
ADVENTURES IN
YOUR DAILY
NEWSPAPER
?**



Here's an opportunity, Skyman Fans, to let The Skyman know if you'd enjoy reading him *every day* in your favorite newspaper! Imagine being a daily companion of America's National Hero as he leaps into his powerful super-plane, *The Wing*, and races across the airways of America to uphold the cause of justice and righteousness!

Thrill to The Skyman's brilliant inventions (the stasimatic, atomatic, televiso-finder and numerous others)—share the secret of his true identity of which even beautiful Fawn Carroll is unaware—and watch him as he employs his strength and scientific ability for the good of mankind and the defense of America! **WRITE TO HIM TODAY!**

Merely fill in this coupon, telling the name of your favorite newspaper, and send it in to me. If you wish, you may also enclose a letter stating why you would enjoy reading me in your daily newspaper.

Let me hear from all of you.

Cordially,

The SKYMAN.

SKYMAN
c/o Columbia Comic Corp.
369 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Skyman: I would like to read your comic strip every day in the (name of paper) : _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Blank Cartridge Pistol



Blank Cartridge Pistol
50c

PEANUT BUTTER REPEATER-13 SHOTS



PEANUT BUTTER REPEATER-13 SHOTS
29c

Pistol Cigarette Case



Pistol Cigarette Case
25c

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY



BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY
25c

POCKET RADIO



POCKET RADIO
25c

CRYSTAL RADIO



CRYSTAL RADIO
25c

LEARN VENTRILOQUISM AND APPARENTLY THROW YOUR VOICE!



LEARN VENTRILOQUISM AND APPARENTLY THROW YOUR VOICE!
10c

TELEPHONE FAIR



TELEPHONE FAIR
10c

Sweater Emblems



Sweater Emblems
25c

Learn to DANCE



Learn to DANCE
25c

HULA SKIRT



HULA SKIRT
25c

NEW CATALOG



NEW CATALOG
25c

9000 NOVELTIES!



9000 NOVELTIES!
25c

DIVING SUBMARINE



DIVING SUBMARINE
25c

Beautiful Curled Wigs



Beautiful Curled Wigs
25c

ONE PASSENGER AIRPLANE



ONE PASSENGER AIRPLANE
25c

Fencing & Archery Sets



Fencing & Archery Sets
25c

JACKASS CIGARETTE DISPENSER



JACKASS CIGARETTE DISPENSER
25c

WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c



WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c
10c

Watch It Change Color!



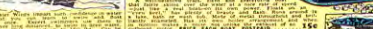
Watch It Change Color!
25c

WHOOPIE CUSHION



WHOOPIE CUSHION
25c

SPEEDY "STEAM" BOAT



SPEEDY "STEAM" BOAT
25c

UNDER WATER LOOK FOR LOST COINS, ETC. SCARE FRIENDS!



UNDER WATER LOOK FOR LOST COINS, ETC. SCARE FRIENDS!
25c

SWIMMING GOGGLES



SWIMMING GOGGLES
25c

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- Contents
- RUSH 3c WITH THIS COUPON
- Johnson Smith & Co.

RUSH 3c WITH THIS COUPON

RUSH 3c WITH THIS COUPON
Johnson Smith & Co.

MIDGET RACER



MIDGET RACER
25c

Never Miss FISH HOOKS



Never Miss FISH HOOKS
25c

Aviation - Army - Navy Ring



Aviation - Army - Navy Ring
25c

SHIRT & CROSS BONES



SHIRT & CROSS BONES
25c

REPEATING SLING SHOT



REPEATING SLING SHOT
25c

BALANCED THROWING KNIFE



BALANCED THROWING KNIFE
25c

MAGIC MAKING WAND



MAGIC MAKING WAND
25c

THRIFTY VARY



THRIFTY VARY
25c

BIKE TIRE CHAINS



BIKE TIRE CHAINS
25c

GET A ROLL OF PHONEY



GET A ROLL OF PHONEY
25c

Mysterious Running Mouse



Mysterious Running Mouse
25c